Sunday School Advocate

J. D. FELTER, ENG.

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Ethel's Thoughts.

BY MRS. S. J. BRIGHAM.

I'm seven years old this very day,
Seven times one are seven;
Brother is that and four years more,
Seven and four are eleven.

Arithmetic is so hard to learn,
I cannot pronounce the words;
The figures hum in my head like bees,
Or fly away like birds.

The warm bright sunshine goes to bed,
So do the birds and bees,
They rock to sleep in the flower bells,
And up in the maple trees.

Seven times three are twenty-one,
But I would not be a bee
If I could sleep in a lily-bell,
Or rock in a maple-tree.

Seven times four are twenty-eight,
My lesson is learned and said,
And I'd sooner be mamma's child to-night,
And sleep in my own sweet bed.

How Jetty Found the Right Boy.

BY HELENE J. HICKS.

"I am quite decided. I shall not employ a lad from the neighborhood again; they are sure to have an errand home, or somewhere else, just when one needs them most."

Mr. Blackwood closed his desk with a snap that added force to his words, and startled the old black cat from a comfortable doze.

"Do, father, look up a well-bred lad, one not given to slang or rude speeches. Jetty, you know, sees so much of a chore boy, as we employ him so much about the house and garden," said Mrs. Blackwood.

"I only wish I might be put in the way of finding such a boy," replied Mr. Blackwood, laughing. "Jetty, I think you will have to bring one from town."

Jetty, the eight-year-old daughter of the house, had listened attentively to the above, and quietly formed a resolution, for Aunt Sophie lived in town!

"Evening papers! evening paper, miss?"

Jetty, at Aunt Sophie's window, peered down curiously at the lad beneath.

"Thank you," she said, taking the paper he held out to her, and wondering why he lingered. She looked at him closely; in fact she was looking after every boy closely!

"The paper is three cents, miss."

"O, I forgot," said Jetty, absently, for she was noticing his clean jacket and collar; his hands, also, were very clean, and Jetty disliked to see boys with dirty hands. "I have three cents, I guess. I wouldn't wonder a bit if I had six, so I will take two."

The boy nodded, and thought how good it was of her to take two, for the little feet had trudged far, and were to go still farther. She tossed the pennies to him, and he started away, singing lustily, "Evening papers!"

"Hello, sissy! What are you doing?"

Jetty looked down quickly to meet the laughing eyes of Uncle John. He had come quite up to the window and spoken before she aroused from her musing.

"O, Uncle John! such a pretty boy."

"Really now, is that so? The ugly ones are in the majority though; but what of the boy?"

"I took two papers of him for six cents."

"What for, midget? I think he was a rascal for selling you two papers. One of a sort was enough."

"O no, Uncle John, he was not a rascal. He didn't ask me to take two, but he looked so pleased when I did."

"Glad to hear he was not a rascal, pet. If you cheated yourself, all right. See what Uncle John has brought you!"

Jetty was stationed at the window again the following evening, and the newsboy, seeing her in the distance, wondered if she would be as generous again.

"Have a paper, miss?"

"I don't want your paper, little boy, but I want to know your name, and—"

"My name is Donald, miss," he interrupted, with a disappointed look upon his face as he darted away, calling out "Evening papers!" so lustily, Jetty's voice calling him back was unheard.

It was the work of an instant only to rush from the parlor, and, catching her hat from the hall rack in passing, bound down the street in swift pursuit.

She saw him now and then in the crowd, and heard his voice distinctly quite near, then receding; so she ran on, dodging lamp-posts, pedestrians, and dogs in a surprising manner, until she at length brought up breathless against an apple-stall, nearly upsetting the old woman owning it.

"Is it hurt yez is, darlin', that yez are afther knockin' the sate from under Biddy Rafferty, an' breakin' me heart entirely wid the scare of yez flyin' down the strate?" said Biddy, after catching her breath, and settling matters again.

"Where is he!" said Jetty, staring in every direction.

Biddy stared also, and seeing the tall form of a policeman, supposed she was afraid of him.

"Niver fear Tim O'Shane whin it's behavin yez are. Tim's a gintleman."

"What's the trouble, Biddy?"

"I've lost him," said Jetty, answering for Biddy and herself, "the little paper boy."

"Where do you live?" questioned the policeman. The finely dressed, beautiful child seemed somewhat out of place in Biddy's locality.

Jetty looked around upon the unfamiliar objects, and the tears sprang to her eyes. "I don't see Uncle John's house," she said; "I guess I'm lost."

"What is your uncle's name?" asked the policeman, kindly.

Jetty mentioned his name, when the policeman nodded and smiled, bidding her come with him; but they had scarcely advanced ten steps when she saw Uncle John coming with hasty strides, looking worried and anxious. Jetty darted away without a word, and a moment later was clinging to Uncle John's hand, telling how disappointed she was in losing sight of the boy.

"But, sissy, I saw you coming with that strapping policeman!" said bewildered Uncle John.

"Don't you see, Uncle John, after I upset Biddy I was lost, and the policeman was bringing me back."

Uncle John laughed, without a thought of reproof, for it never occurred to him that Jetty would repeat the absurdity. But she did, and the following evening, had any one been watching, they would have discovered that she held her hat partly hidden at her side, and also that her dainty slippers had been replaced by stout shoes. Donald came on as usual, without a thought of Jetty, which was just as well, as she was not at the window, but on the sidewalk waiting for him.

"Here I am!" she cried; "I don't want your papers, but I want to talk with you."

The boy smiled in a pleased way, but without stopping. "I can't spend time, miss. I must sell all my papers within the hour, then I could talk."

Away went Donald, and close at his heels Jetty followed. The lad trudged on—never suspecting she had followed him—up one street and down another, selling his papers rapidly, until at length, to Jetty's satisfaction,

he disposed of the last one, and, turning into another street, was about to enter a doorway when she touched his arm, and he turned with a quick stare of surprise to see Jetty beside him, hot, tired, and dusty.

"Have you followed me all the way to talk?"

"Yes, you said you could talk after you sold your papers." Donald laughed.

"I guess you will have to come in," he said.

"Of course I must," answered Jetty, following him up three flights of stairs to a small, clean room that looked very bare to Jetty.

"Where are your folks?" asked Jetty, looking around.

The boy's lip quivered an instant. "Mother was all I had, and she died three months ago."

"Good!" exclaimed Jetty, emphatically; "that is," she explained, "I am sorry, but there is no one to say you can't go home with me. We want a chore boy—a boy that don't say bad wicked words and talk slang, on account of me, mamma says; so pack your things, you'll like my folks. We live in the country, and you are to look after the flowers."

Jetty stopped to take breath, and Donald stared; yet in his bewilderment he was glad to remember that he had always obeyed his mother, and had avoided wicked companions, and never pained her by an evil word or action, and the memory of her was holding him pure and good still.

"Your father," he urged at last; "he will object."

"No, he will not, come right on; he told me to find a boy, and I have found you."

Half an hour later two little figures toiled slowly up Uncle John's steps, just as that almost crazed man was about to rush into the street again for the third time.

"Jetty, Jetty, where have you been? You have frightened uncle almost crazy."

Jetty didn't seem to care, she was too intent upon her project; and between Uncle John's exclamations and laughter, together with a sentence or two from Donald, Jetty succeeded in explaining matters fully. At first Uncle John scouted, but when the handsome boy looked at him beseechingly, and said, "Please, sir, let them give me a trial," it finished him on the spot, and the result was Jetty took Donald home with her the very next day, and as he is there still, it is evident he was the right boy, for this happened several years ago.

Required Reading, L. R. U.

STORIES OF EARLY METHODISTS.

BISHOP M'KENDREE AND THE LITTLE BOY.

"At a camp-meeting," says the Rev. J. B. Finley, in his "Sketches of Western Methodism," "held on L. S. camp-ground, the venerable Bishop M'Kendree was present, and preached to the children and young people. On this occasion the bishop noticed a little boy who was much affected. Being intimately acquainted with the family, and knowing the child well, the bishop invited him into the tent, and conversed and prayed with him, laying his hand upon his little head and commending him to God. That afternoon the doors of the church were opened, and this boy went forward and presented himself as a probationer. He was received, and continued to attend regularly to his religious duties, never absenting himself from a prayer-meeting, or a class-meeting, or preaching, when he could attend. He was but a mere child, and as he would sit in class, no one, either leader or preacher, would speak to him or pay him any attention. At this his young heart was much aggrieved, and he was sometimes tempted to go no more; but he continued to hold on till his grandfather, who was a traveling preacher, should visit them, and he would speak to him on the subject. At length the grandfather came; and when he was sitting alone one day the little boy came to him and said:

"'Grandfather, I want to ask you a question.'

"'Well, my child,' said the old man, 'what is your wish?'

"'Well, it is this,' said he: 'Do you think I am too young to serve God, and belong to the Church?'

"'No, not at all, my child,' said the venerable saint with emotion. 'Your mother embraced religion when she was only seven years of age; and we have many examples in the Bible where children became religious in the dawn of life, such as Samuel, and Josiah, and Timothy: and the Scriptures say, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise." But why did you ask this question?'

"'At a camp-meeting,' said the child, 'where Bishop M'Kendree preached to us children, I resolved I would be a Christian: and when Brother C. opened the doors of the church I went forward and joined. I have been to meeting every time since, and stayed in class: but no person says a word to me about religion, and I thought they considered me too young to be noticed.'

"'Well,' said the grandfather, 'I will go with you to meeting next Sunday, and if the preacher does not speak to you when he meets the class, do you rise up and ask him the reason. Do you understand?'

"'Yes, grandfather, I will.'

"The day came, and the grandfather and the child were at meeting. When the congregation was dismissed, the preacher commenced leading his class; and all were spoken to, as usual, but the little boy. He made an effort to rise, but his heart failed him. The grandfather seeing this, said, 'Brother L., little J. has a question to ask you.' The child then rose, and in a simple manner gave his experience, not forgetting to allude to his not having been spoken to. At this the preacher blushed, and the class-leader wept, one after the other confessing their delinquency, and promising to do better for the future. That child has grown to manhood, and has a family, and has been a useful and highly acceptable member of the Church."

THE SAILOR'S BOY'S CONVERSION.

Mrs. L. was a remnant of the first generation of Methodists in B. Her husband was a sea-captain of French origin, a Catholic in his early religious education, but a decided skeptic in his maturer years, tolerating with affability the religious opinions of others, but utterly reckless of his own. Mrs. L. consecrated her house to God; she erected the family-altar, and guarded its hallowed fire with scrupulous fidelity. Even her infidel husband was compelled to admire her Christian integrity. Skeptic as he was, he felt that the family altar shed a cheering influence and a hallowed light on his hearth-stone at home.

Mrs. L. believed not only in the moral influence of domestic religion, but in the direct answer, sooner or later, of her prayers in behalf of her husband and children. Years passed away, however, without the realization of her hopes; but she persevered until God answered her, though in a way she could not have anticipated.

She had occasion to correct her son one day by confining him to his chamber. The boy escaped by a window and could not be found. Days, weeks, and months elapsed, and no intimation of the missing child was heard. The mother, wrung with anguish, clung still to the domestic altar. Painful misgivings met her during these anxious months. Had she not reason to expect a different effect on her children from her efforts in their religious education? Was it in vain that she had planned and wept and prayed for them? Her boy was wandering, she knew not where; but God's providence was following him and leading him to his salvation.

He had embarked in a vessel, and after a long voyage arrived in Charleston, S. C. Here he remained, destitute and dependent, for several weeks; but at the moment of his extremity his father arrived unexpectedly in the harbor from Havre.

The boy, subdued by reflection and sorrow, flew to his father, and confessed his misconduct with tears. His young heart was melted, and he was ready to return to his still loved home.

The vessel sailed for Havana, and arrived at a time when the yellow fever raged in the city. In a few days the poor boy was attacked by the dreadful disease. And now his early religious instructions came back in force. The confused reveries of a fevered mind could not dispel them. Ah! even in this extremity the prayers of the desolate mother were prevailing in heaven. One day, when all hope of his recovery had gone, the father, a man of strong feelings, entered, with a broken spirit, the chamber where he lay. The dying boy, with tears dropping upon his pillow, was sobbing the name of his mother!

"My mother! my dear mother! O, that she were here to pray for me as she used to!"

The father bent over him, unable for a time to speak, but mingling his tears with those of his son. Clasping his trembling hands, and casting a look of appalling earnestness at his parent, the boy exclaimed:

"Father, I am dying with my sins upon me! I shall be lost in my present state! Send, O, send for some one to pray for me!"

"My child," replied the father, trembling with emotion, "there are none but Catholic clergymen on the island, and they cannot help you."

"O, what shall I do then, father?" exclaimed the son.

"Pray for yourself, my dear child," replied the father, unwilling to repose the destiny of his son on his own infidel views of the future.

"I do," replied the boy, "but I need the help of others: O, can you not, will you not, pray yourself for your perishing son, father?"

The captain felt as if the earth shook beneath him. He had never prayed in his life; but his heart melted over his child: he felt, as by consciousness, the necessity and truth of religion. He felt that none but a God could meet this terrible emergency of man. As if smitten down, he fell on his knees by the bedside of his son. His spirit was broken; his tears flowed like rain, and, with agony, he called upon God to save himself and his child. The family and servants of the house were amazed: but he continued praying, and before he rose, his child's prayers were heard, if not his own. The suffering boy had found peace, and soon after died, trusting in his Saviour, and full of tranquil hope.

Oppressed with sorrow, the father did not cease to pray for himself: he was deeply convinced of sin, and before long found peace in believing. He returned to B., his child a corpse, but himself a new man; the son in heaven, the father on the way. He brought to his wife the first news of her missing son. She wept; but, with tears of gratitude as well as sorrow, acknowledged that, in affliction, God had blessed her. Her prayers had not failed. God in his mercy had overruled the misconduct of her child for his own and his father's salvation. Captain L. lived several years after this incident, a devoted Christian, and died praising God aloud for his mercy to him at Cuba.

How ineffaceable are the impressions of childhood! If there are any prayers which, more than others, must prevail with God, they are those of the devoted mother pleading for her wandering child.

READINGS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

ENGLAND UNDER HENRY THE EIGHTH.

We now come to King Henry the Eighth, whom it has been the fashion to call "Bluff King Hal," and "Burly King Harry."

He was just eighteen years of age when he came to the throne. There was great rejoicing when he married the Princess Catherine, and when they were both crowned. The king was very fond of show and display, and so were the people, and every thing went on smoothly for a time.

There had been war on the Continent, and England had been fighting against France, but now the French king was contemplating peace. His queen dying at this time, he proposed, though he was upwards of fifty years old, to marry King Henry's sister, the Princess Mary, who, besides being only sixteen, was betrothed to the Duke of Suffolk.

As the inclinations of young princesses were not much considered in such matters, the marriage was concluded, and the poor girl was escorted to France, where she was left as the French king's bride, with only one of all her English attendants. That one was a pretty young girl named Anne Boleyn, niece of the Earl of Surrey. Anne Boleyn's is a name to be remembered, as you will presently find.

But the French king died within three months, and left the young princess a widow. The new French king, Francis, seeing how important it was to his interests that she should take for a second husband no one but an Englishman, advised her first lover, the Duke of Suffolk, when King Henry sent him over to France to fetch her home, to marry her. The princess being herself so fond of the duke as to tell him that he must either do so then, or forever lose her, they were wedded; and Henry afterward forgave them.

But it was not long before France and England were at war again, though the war was a short one, and about the time that the new treaty of peace was concluded, there arose in Germany the great leader of the mighty change in England which is called the Reformation, and which set the people free from their slavery to the priests. This was a learned doctor, named Martin Luther, who knew all about them, for he had been a priest, and even a monk, himself.

The king and the great Cardinal Wolsey were very indignant at the presumption of this Luther, and the king (with the help of Sir Thomas More) even wrote a book about it, with which the pope was so well pleased that he gave the king the title of Defender of the Faith. The king and the cardinal also issued flaming warnings to the people not to read Luther's books, on pain of excommunication. But they did read them, for all that, and the rumor of what was in them spread far and wide.

When this great change was going on the king began to show himself in his truest and worst colors. Anne Boleyn, the pretty little girl who had gone abroad with his sister, was by this grown up to be very beautiful, and was one of the ladies in attendance on Queen Catherine. Now, Queen Catherine was no longer young or handsome, and the king fell in love with fair Anne Boleyn, and said to himself. "How can I best be rid of my own wife, whom I am tired of, and marry Anne?"

Queen Catherine had been the wife of King Henry's brother: so the king began to be very uneasy lest he had done wrong in marrying his brother's widow, and it was not long before some of his advisers told him that he ought to get a divorce, which he was ready enough to do.

But this was not such an easy thing, especially as the pope's consent had to be obtained, and the learned doctors, and bishops, and the pope, among them all, were so long about it, that the king became impatient, and directed Catherine to leave the Court. She obeyed; but replied that wherever she went, she was queen of England still, and would remain so, to the last. The king then married Anne Boleyn privately, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, within half a year, declared his marriage with Queen Catherine void, and crowned Anne Boleyn queen.

The pope was very angry when he heard of the king's marriage, and fumed exceedingly, as did many of the English monks and friars, but the kind did not mind this, and was very glad when his queen gave him a daughter, who was christened Elizabeth, and declared Princess of Wales.

But alas! the wicked king was soon tired of his new queen, and fell in love with a lady who was in Queen Anne's service—a Lady Jane Seymour.

The king had no sooner set his mind on her than he resolved to have Anne Boleyn's head; so he brought a number of charges against her, accusing her of dreadful crimes which she had never committed, and she was tried and condemned to death. The very next day after her execution he married Jane Seymour, who lived but a short time, dying of a fever. I cannot but think that any woman who married such a ruffian deserved the ax which would assuredly have fallen on Jane Seymour's neck if she had lived much longer.

The next queen was Anne of Cleves, whom he soon divorced, in order to marry a beautiful and fascinating young lady named Catherine Howard. But by a just retribution, it soon came out that Catherine, before her marriage, had been guilty of such crimes as the king had unjustly attributed to Anne Boleyn; so again the dreadful ax made the king a widower, and strange to say, it was not long before another woman appeared who was willing to become his wife. She was Catherine Parr, and it is some comfort to know that she tormented the king by arguing doctrinal points with him on all possible occasions.

Henry the Eighth has been favored by some Protestant writers because the Reformation was achieved in his time. But the merit of it lies with other men. The plain truth is, that he was an intolerable ruffian, and a blot upon the history of England. —*Child's History of England.*

[End of Required Reading.]

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

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J. H. VINCENT, Editor.
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The Little Prophet.

TWO hundred years ago, Madame Guyon, a French lady of great piety, was leaving her home in Paris under strange circumstances. Possessed of wealth, beauty, and talents of a high order, she was going, of her own choice, to a life of labor and trial, for Christ's sake. She had heard his voice, bidding her go and teach her unknown brothers and sisters the riches of his grace which had been made known to her. She was not only willing, but glad to go, but among her friends there was such opposition to her plan, that it was not unlikely that means might be taken to hinder her going.

Accordingly she left Paris privately in a boat, in company with a dear friend, two servants, and her little daughter, five years of age. She knew very well that in the new life she was about to take up there would be abundant trials, and it was not strange that a feeling of deep sadness settled upon her.

As the boat moved over the waters of the Seine, the little girl began pulling leaves and twigs from the bushes on the river bank. After she had gathered a supply she formed them into little crosses, which she fastened to her mother's garments. At first, Madame Guyon, full of her own thoughts, did not notice what the little girl was doing, but presently, glancing down, found herself almost covered with crosses.

"Ah!" she thought, "this is the sign God sends me that my life is to be one of constant cross-bearing."

The friend, who saw what was going on, said to the little girl: "My pretty child, give me some crosses too."

"No," she said: "they are all for my dear mother." But she gave her one, finally, that she might not feel hurt.

Then the dear child fell to weaving a crown of leaves and river-flowers. When it was finished, she insisted upon placing it on her mother's head, saying as she did so:

"After the cross you shall be crowned."

Was she not a little prophet? The sad heart of the mother was cheered, as she felt that God spoke to her through her little child, and she went on her way untroubled.

God often sends precious messages through his little ones. All he asks in his messengers is a willing heart, and that makes willing hands.

A Sunday Afternoon Talk.

"I will watch to see what He will say unto me." Hab. 2. 1.

A CLASS of Christian boys and girls were once talking with their teacher about the word "watch."

"What are we to watch for?" said the teacher. One of the class answered,

"For the words of Jesus."

"But how will he speak to us?" she said. And the same child answered:

"In our hearts."

Dear Emma was right; but we shall not hear what he says unless we watch. Persons often speak to us and we do not know what they say, because we are not paying attention, or watching. Shall we let the Lord in heaven speak to us, and not hear his words?

Perhaps he will say something to us that we do not like to hear. It is not pleasant to be reproved, but if we have done wrong, nothing can be so good for us. He has something special to say to each one of us, for he will speak "unto me!"

Will you not listen now? You will have temptations to-day, perhaps you may have trials hard to bear. The quick word will spring to your lips. The hard, unforgiving feeling will rise in your heart when you feel that you are wronged. How you need to hear him say, "Be patient." "Love one another, for love is of God." A little girl who had learned to watch for the words of Jesus had a schoolmate who was very unkind to her. She would tease her in every way, and even hurt her cruelly sometimes.

At last the Christian child thought she could bear it no longer, and she would pay her in her own coin. But a voice spoke in her heart. She listened, and it said, O, so sweetly, "Be still! be still!" and so she met her tormentor kindly again, and the dear Lord gave her a reward. It was not long before the unkind girl grew gentle, and even became her fast friend!

God will speak, and he will say just the right word. Only open the ear of the heart, and all will be well.

Giving Thanks.

DINNER was on the table, Mrs. Merton had asked a blessing, returning thanks for the good provision set before them, and was about to help her children, when she was startled by a question from her little son.

"Mamma," he said, "did we return thanks for the beer?"

Mrs. Merton looked curiously at her boy. He always was a strange child, and had a habit of saying strange things, but this was in some way puzzling to answer. She hesitated for a moment.

"I suppose we did, Ernest," she replied; "at least I did."

"Then, mamma, please don't put me in. You know I've joined the army, and can't thank God for what I gave up for good."

The army he meant was a band of young teetotalers. Mrs. Merton was a Christian, and had not opposed, nay, rather encouraged, what she thought a harmless whim of her boy's. She now involuntarily breathed a prayer that he might enlist as "a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and "fight the good fight of faith" against evil within and without, under the Captain of his salvation.

But another person had heard Ernest speak. As the servant was about to place the beer on the table she fixed her gaze very earnestly on the child. Mrs. Merton turned and met that look. She knew the woman's painful history—a drunken husband, a miserable home, a deserted wife, for whom remained but servitude again. That woman could not thank God for intoxicating drink. It was indeed "bitter beer" to her.

Mrs. Merton mused in secret over her child's question and the reflections it awakened. As the result of the meditation strong drink never more was found upon her table. Nor were their thanks less earnest or their hearts less gay because they had given up for the Lord's sake that which proved a snare and misfortune in so many cases to others.

The Opossum.

BY JOSIE KEEN.

YOU have all, no doubt, heard of "*playing 'possum*," feigning a headache, etc., to stay away from school when some particularly hard lesson, through play or carelessness, was left unprepared; or, perhaps, from Church and Sunday-school when disinclined to go. Now, we wonder how many of you know that this term is derived from the queer ways of the quiet-looking little animal we here present to you?

It is said that there are several species of the opossum, one not much larger than a rat. The Virginia opossum, however, is about the size of a cat, but appears thicker, owing to the length and upright growth of its fur. It has a long, sharp face, and very wide mouth armed with numerous teeth; the ears are thin and black, edged with white. The legs are short, and feet armed with sharp claws, but the interior toes of the hind feet are flat and rounded. The general color is a light gray; the tail thick and black for upward of three inches at the base, and is covered with small scales.

By curving the extremity of its tail around the branch of a tree, the little animal can sustain its weight, and depend from the limb of a tree, and, hanging in full security, gather fruit, steal the eggs from a bird's nest, or seize any prey within its reach. To regain its position on the limb of the tree, it is only necessary to make a little stronger effort with its tail, as you would with your hands, to throw the body upward, and relight upon the branch.

They love thick forests and the hollows of trees, where they sleep by day, and go forth mostly at night for their food—young chickens, squirrels, grouse, or hares. When their young ones become too large to be carried about in the mother's pouch, where the little things at first quickly hide themselves upon the least alarm, peeping out with an air of comfort and satisfaction, they ride on her back. Twelve little cubs, about the size of rats, each with a turn of its tail around the mother's, and clinging to her back and sides with paws and mouth, have been seen taking such a ride.

When the hunter with dogs goes in search of the opossum, it lies perfectly close to the branch of the tree it is upon. When he discovers the animal, he will sometimes shake the branch of the tree so hard that it loses its hold and falls to the ground, where it will lie as though dead, yet cunningly watching its chance to escape through the tall grass or underbrush near the tree.

Upon a shout or outcry from his persecutors he immediately resumes his death-like attitude and stillness. He can be moved or handled, and is still seemingly dead, and would deceive one not accustomed to its actions. But this is so well-known to country people that it has long since passed into a proverb, "He is playing 'possum," of one who is acting deceitfully, or wishing to appear what he is not.

"ONE step upon another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One thought upon another
Shapes every life at will;
One deed upon another
Tells a story—good or ill."

Home Talks.

BY MINERVA.

A QUIET and peaceful home was that of Edward Morton, though its inmates had known what sorrow was. The children, almost too young, however, to feel their father's loss very keenly for any great length of time, soon recovered their natural gayety of spirits. Their mother was left them, and though the home was plain and poor, it was brightened by her love and patient efforts to make it what home should be.

Childhood's days passed happily, sometimes touched with a shade of sadness as the memory of their great loss came back to them, and yet resting in the sweet knowledge of present love and faithful watchcare. The unseen presence of their Father in heaven, too, ever lingered in their home, and much of life's brightness came from the belief that he dwelt among them.

They knew but little of their mother's struggles and sacrifices as she steadily worked with her needle to obtain the comforts of life for them. How they loved to gather round the fireside in the evening hour, and as they roasted apples and chestnuts by the coals that glowed brightly from the open hearth, listen to their mother's talk about her own early days!

The sweet Bible stories, too, of which children never tire, told in simple language, touched their youthful hearts, and were remembered, while the lessons of truth then taught were laying foundations for character and usefulness in future life.

Of all the household band none listened with more interest than little Eddie. Often he left his play to seek a place beside his mother, and while faithful old Tabby dozed by the fire, he would eagerly question and listen to her explanations of the Bible.

To-day he has been reading of Jonah, the prophet whom God sent to preach to the wicked Ninevites, but who, fearing to do his duty, fled away, taking a ship in another direction. Turn to your Bible and find the account of the storm that overtook him, and the experiences he met with.

Eddie read the whole story with deep interest, gazed thoughtfully into the fire awhile, then looking up said,

"I have made up my mind, mother, that if God ever tells me to go and preach, no matter where, I shall go right away, and if the people repent and become good, I don't think I ever could be angry with him for not destroying them."

"God grant, my dear boy," said Mrs. Morton, "that you may indeed ever be found ready to obey his voice, that you may do something for Him who has done so much for you."

A FEW years ago a little boy told his first falsehood. It was a solitary thistle-seed, and no eye but God's saw him as he planted it in his heart. But it sprang up, and in a little time another seed dropped from it to the ground, each in its turn bearing more thistles; and now his heart is overgrown with a bad habit. It is as difficult for him to speak the truth as it is for a gardener to clear his land of the ugly thistle after it has gained a rooting in the soil.

YOUNG BEREANS' LESSON CORNER.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

1. A parable is a story which makes a truth plain. This parable of the sower holds a great truth for every one.

2. A sower must have seed and the heart to sow it. We know that the seed of which Christ spoke was the word of God. Then if we have that word we may be sowers.

3. Has the word been sown in our hearts? Then let us be careful that Satan may not come and take away the word! Perhaps the word has been sown in Sunday-school, and by idle talk and laughter as we go away we let Satan scatter it.

4. Some receive the word with gladness, but they do not water it with prayer and earnest thought, and so it does not take root in the heart. By and by when temptation comes these are offended and turn away.

5. What are the "thorns" of which Christ speaks? A heart full of the things of this world is like soil full of thorns. If we sow seed on such soil the thorns will spring up and choke it. So, God's seed, sown in such a heart, will soon be choked. Let us pray that our hearts may be the "good ground" which brings forth good fruit.

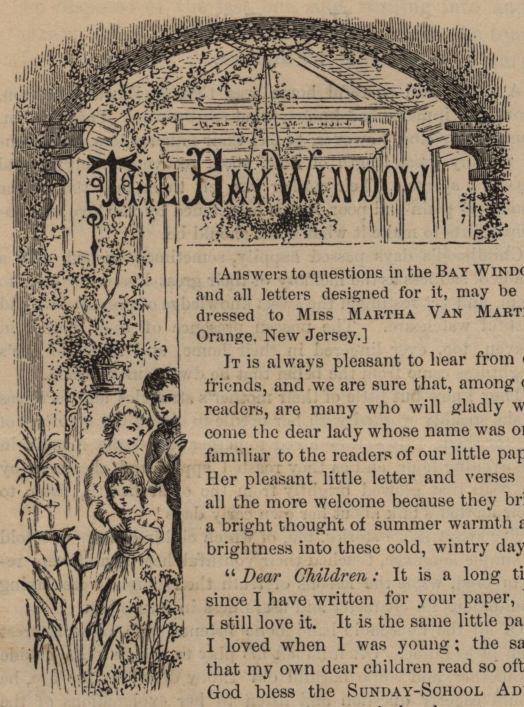
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

1. God wants us to be open. But if we love sin we shall have to hide it, for sin hates the light. Every thing that is good wants the light, and the day is coming when every thing, good and evil alike, shall be seen.

2. "To him that hath shall be given." If we have love, we shall have more. If we have faith, we shall have more, for every one that loves God's gifts enough to take them shall grow richer and richer all the time. God says so!

3. The one who drops seed into the ground cannot make it grow. That is God's work. We do not know how he does it, but we know that our part is to *let* him do it.

4. See how the corn grows. First there is the blade, then the ear, then the corn. If the blade said, "Now I will stop growing," there would be no corn. A child-Christian is the blade, but it must grow, or it will never produce corn.



[Answers to questions in the BAY WINDOW, and all letters designed for it, may be addressed to MISS MARTHA VAN MARTER, Orange, New Jersey.]

IT is always pleasant to hear from old friends, and we are sure that, among our readers, are many who will gladly welcome the dear lady whose name was once familiar to the readers of our little paper. Her pleasant little letter and verses are all the more welcome because they bring a bright thought of summer warmth and brightness into these cold, wintry days.

"*Dear Children:* It is a long time since I have written for your paper, but I still love it. It is the same little paper I loved when I was young; the same that my own dear children read so often. God bless the SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE, and make it a blessing to others as it has been to us. I send you a little poem. Truly yours,

MRS. M. A. BIGELOW."

FLOWER BUDS.

Flower buds in my window,
Open to the light:
Geraniums all scarlet,
Beautiful and bright.

Children are like flower buds,
How we watch and wait
When the leaves of promise
Seem to open late.

Watch and wait with patience,
And with many a prayer,
That the buds so lovely,
May open pure and fair. M. A. B.

Some of our little friends have window gardens, no doubt. We hope so, and if so, we know how anxiously you watch the growth of your pretty buds and blossoms. You are sorry and disappointed, are you not, when a bud from which you hoped great things does not open into the beautiful flower you hoped to see, because some blight has fallen upon it—may be a worm has been eating at its heart.

But have you ever thought of yourselves, dear children, as human flower buds, anxiously watched by those who love you, lest some blight of evil, some ugly worm of sin should spoil the lovely flowers of innocence and truth?

Nothing can save you from such blight but faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died to save you from sin—the ugly, soul-destroying sin which wants to make you put your faith in yourself, in your Church, in your teachers, in any thing and every thing but in *him*—the Lord and Saviour who alone is worthy of being believed and trusted. Ah! that is sin—not believing in him, and all other sins grow from that root. So, if you want your young lives to open into bright blossoms of helpful and happy goodness, believe what we say when we tell you that this can only be by trusting Jesus enough to put yourselves into his hands to be made his own children.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I hope you will accept my letter, though I am a stranger to you. I want you to tell me how to join the Lyceum Reading Union. I would like to get acquainted with you, though I cannot see you; but we can be as friendly as though we had known each other all our lives. My name is Lulu Barnett, and I am eleven years old. I have been reading the Sunday-school papers a long time."

It is a very easy thing to join the L. R. U. Just read all the "Required Reading" in the ADVOCATE, and one of the little ten-cent books each month, and you will be a member of that great Union.

The books, which are published monthly, are very interesting and useful books, and you can send for them to "Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York," if you cannot procure them nearer home. Where is the little girl who cannot save ten cents a month from her ribbons and candies to buy good things for her mind? Yes, indeed, dear Lulu, we can be very friendly, though we live far apart. You are very welcome, and we should like to hear, some time, how you are enjoying the reading of the L. R. U. course.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a little girl nine years old. I go to Sunday-school, and love to get the ADVOCATE, and read the Bay Window and the nice stories. My cousin, Gracie Seaton, wrote a letter to the Bay Window a while ago, and you printed it, and wont you please print this? I am trying to do right and be good, with the dear Saviour's help.

"From your little friend, MAUDE L. HURLBURT."

The more you let the Saviour "help" you, dear child, the more easily you will do right. Why not let him come and live in your heart and *be* your life? The life that is lived in him is sure to be a good life.

Jennie O. Connor would like to know some of the Bay Window girls well enough to correspond with them. Is there some one who would like to write to her?

Letter-writing is a real accomplishment, and if you will really try to make a correspondence a means of improvement it will be a good thing.

Do you go to school, Jennie, and are you taking great pains to learn your spelling lessons? Don't neglect them, will you? and when you write again we will see if you have improved.

Ida Venable is a little girl who has too many Sunday-schools and too many pastors, we are afraid! Do you go to church on Sunday, Ida, besides going to two Sunday-schools? Isn't it about as much as a little girl ten years old ought to do on Sunday to attend one church and one Sunday-school? Write and tell us what you think about it.

Matie O. Hulbert sends love to all the Bay Window boys and girls. She says, "I am eight years old. I read in the fourth reader. I love to read the letters in the Bay Window. I have read the ADVOCATE through to-day. I think the piece about the Ferry-man very nice. I want to join the L. L."

Edna Davis, Grace Gifford, Emma C. Tomlin, and Lillie S. Knotts, have all written pleasant little letters which we are glad to receive, and which we will answer "in a bunch." You are all welcome to our corner, dear girls, and we are glad to hear about your studies and your home interests and loves. Do not forget that you are in your morning-time, and that the morning is the best time to work. Make the most of your school advantages, and above all other things, improve your opportunities for heart-culture. Don't be satisfied to let your bodies and minds grow, and your hearts shrivel up, will you? Be sure that you grow into large-hearted, pure-hearted, *wise*-hearted women, and then we are sure that you will not only be blessed women, but a blessing and inspiration to those around you.

PUZZLE BOX.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-three letters. My 1, 2, 21, 7, 23, is a girl's name. My 12, 13, 23, 16, is a conjunction. My 9, 5, 6, 3, is a name given to a great body or weight. My 8, 21, 4, 23, 11, is a range of mountains. My 3, 22, 5, 6, 17, 18, is a division of the year. My 10, 14, 18, is gained. My 4, 17, 18, is a measure of weight. My 20, 19, 10, is found in a church. My 15, is a vowel. My whole is the first line of a popular hymn.

FRANK L. HANSEL.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

1. Find in Dakota the name of a celebrated man who fought a duel.
2. A city in New Hampshire where people ought, if anywhere, to live peaceably.
3. A city in Missouri might be attractive to self-reliant people.
4. Find in Ohio the name of a celebrated discoverer.
5. Find two cities having girl's names in Alabama, two in Georgia, one in North Carolina, and one in Nebraska.

EMILY.

CHARADE.

1. An affirmative. 2. The cry of a donkey. 3. A kind of meat. Whole—the father of a multitude. W. C. PERRY.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.

My first is in gate, but not in post,
My second is in ice, but not in coast;
My third is in bake, but not in boil,
My fourth is in fire, but not in broil;
My fifth is in ground, but not in soil;
My whole is a city in South Carolina.

JOSIE BURKAM.

DIAMOND WORD.

1. A vowel. 2. A place of repose. 3. A term of extension. 4. A kind of harp. 5. A well-known flower. 6. A division of time. 7. A consonant. WILL AND HAD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN ADVOCATE OF DEC. 10.

Hidden Acrostic: Saviour. Diamond Puzzle: 1. C; 2. Sot; 3. Salem; 4. Colonel; 5. Tenet; 6. Met; 7. L. Enigma: George Stephenson. Square Word: 1. Horeb; 2. Opine; 3. Rival; 4. Enact; 5. Belts. Expansions: 1. Atlanta; 2. Aberdeen; 3. Bennington; 4. Santa Barbara; 5. Owenboro; 6. Cahawba; 7. Chihuahua; 8. Guadalaxara.

Complete sets of answers have been received from W. W. Johnson.

"White as Snow."

"PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

"Though thy sins are red, like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow."

Work and Play.

WE have a word to say to our little friends who are interested in the "Work and Play" corner. A dear lady, who loves God and little children, fears that some may be tempted, as they receive the ADVOCATE on Sunday, to try some of our recipes and games on that holy day. It would make us very sad if we thought that boys and girls who learn God's law in the Sunday-school could do this; but lest there might be some thoughtless ones of our number, we want to say to you all, that this corner is a *week-day corner*, and to ask you all to remember this. You will do it, will you not? We cannot please God if we are "doing our own ways, or finding our own pleasure," on his holy day.

We give you to-day a pretty pattern for a pair of baby's shoes in crotchet:

"Chain thirty-six, work round, double crotchet eight rounds. An open row may be added, one treble, one chain in which to run the ribbon. Work twelve double in center of front backward and forward for eight rows; always take up the upper loop only. For the instep double crochet all round, commencing at the back. Sew up the sole, taking the stitches through the upper loop only. For frill, work a chain about four, miss three. A second row may be added if desired. Two rows may be added every-where if wished larger."

Little cooks will be glad to get a good recipe for making ginger biscuits:

"Take eight ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, four of loaf sugar, yelks of three eggs, and some ground ginger. Beat the butter to a cream before the fire, add the flour by degrees, then the sugar pounded and sifted, and a flavoring, to taste, of ground ginger, and mix the whole with the yelks of three well-beaten eggs. When thoroughly mixed drop the biscuit-mixture on buttered paper, a sufficient distance from each other to allow the biscuits to spread, and bake them for seventeen or eighteen minutes in a rather slow oven."

Here is something to save until the summer brings flowers, unless you have window-plants or a hot-house:

HOW TO TAKE IMPRESSIONS OF FLOWERS ON PAPER.

"Obtain a piece of brown paper, and, after oiling it well all over, hold it over a candle till well blackened, then press the flower on to it, and rub well all over. Then lay it on the piece of paper on to which you wish to put the impression, and press it. Blotting books for pressing flowers, etc., can be obtained from any stationer."

An Ingenious Dog.

A GENTLEMAN in a country town has a small black retriever dog which is very fond of sugar, so his master always puts a lump on the chimney-piece for him at breakfast-time. Nero barks, and jumps, and stands up on his hind legs; but it is just out of his reach, so after a few minutes he always goes under the table for a foot-stool, which he pushes along with nose and paws till in the right position, and then stands up on it and takes his sugar.

A CHRISTIAN mother, when praying beside her little boy, had mentioned his name in her prayer. Upon rising from his knees he said, "I am glad you told Jesus my name, for when he sees me coming he will say, 'Here comes little Willie Johnson.'" But Jesus knew Willie by name before his mother prayed for him.

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